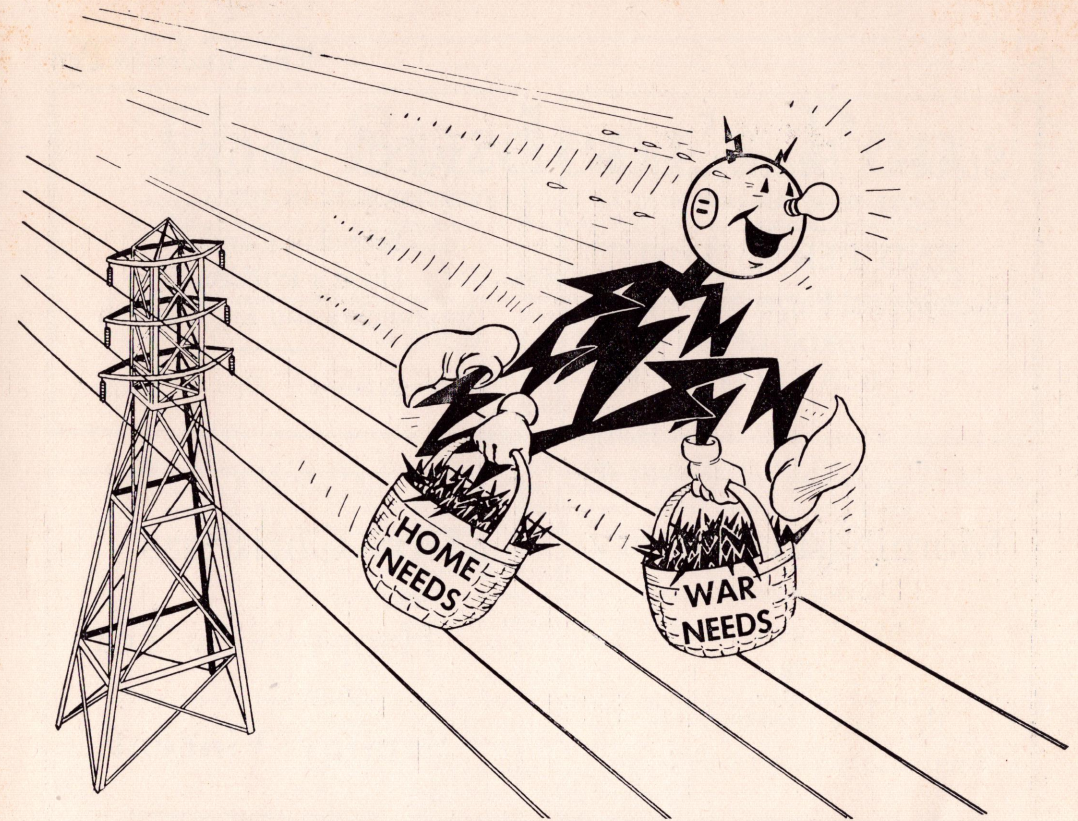




The Student's Pen

December, 1942



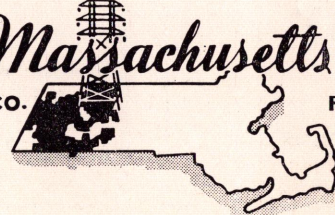
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The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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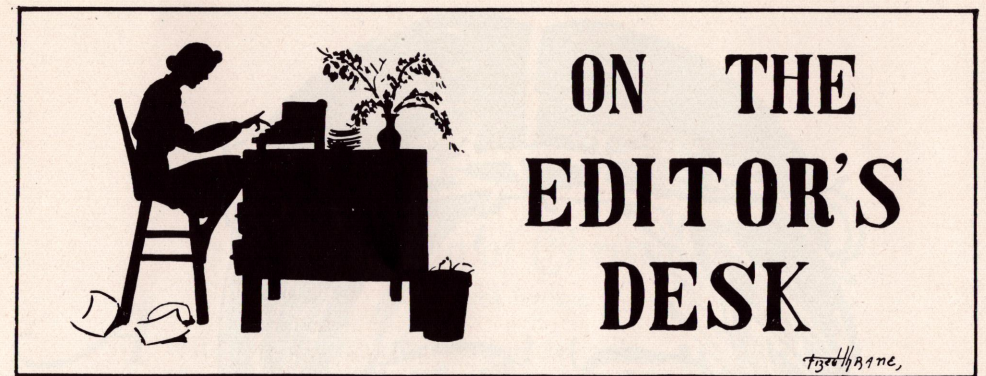
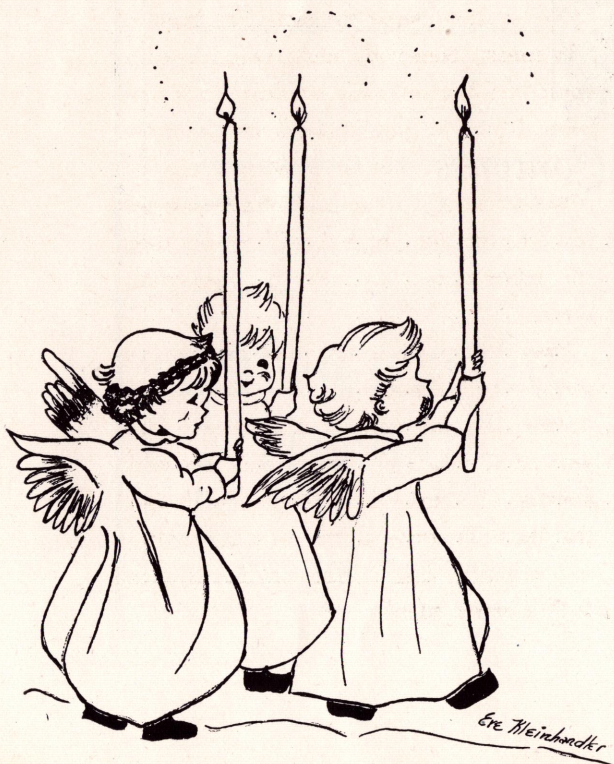
The Blessed Mary's Lullaby

By Peggy Ann Keeney

King Thou art, Jesus,
The Light of the world;
Miracles clenched in
Thy little fist curled
Like a rose-petal. Sleep
Little King, O my Son.
Angels are guarding Thee;
Sleep.

Rough is Thy cradle
And lowly Thy birth,
But great is Thy task—to
Bring Peace to the earth,
And to all men, Good Will
Through Thy teachings, small Son.
Bless'd is Thy slumber, Child;
Sleep.

Shepherds are coming
Their Savior to see,
Kneeling to worship
And wonder at Thee.
But silent are they
In Thy Presence, O Lord—
Disturbing Thee not in Thy
Sleep.



Christmas 1942

By June Parker

ALL of us are talking about Christmas; all of us, a little half-heartedly perhaps, are singing the old familiar carols; all of us are busy buying Christmas presents. Indeed, outwardly, Christmas this year seems the same as any other Christmas; yet, inwardly, it really isn't Christmas at all. None of us can quite feel the former exhilaration of biting December winds. We cannot fully realize that it's time to hang up the holly wreaths. We cannot wholly appreciate the happy jingling of sleigh bells nor the crunchy sound of caked snow. But why?

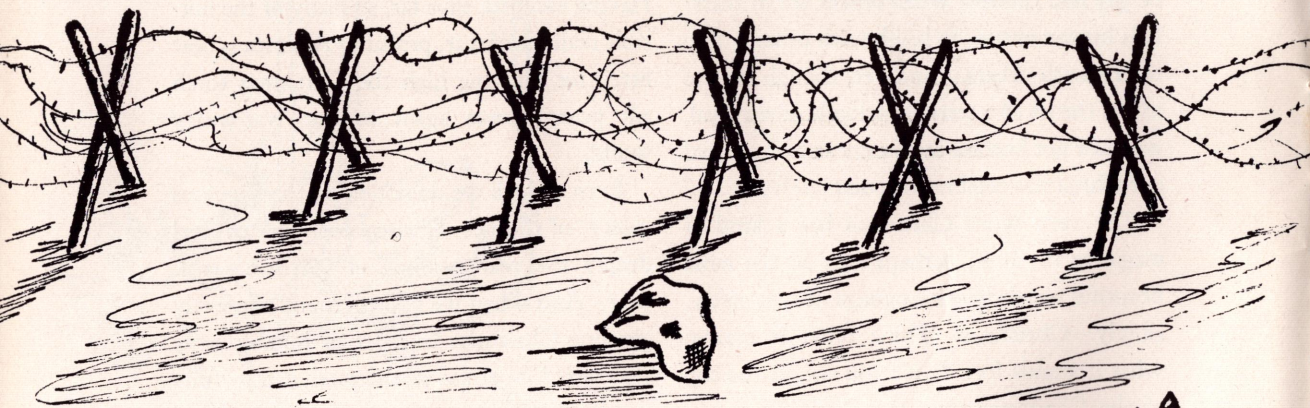
The reason is obvious. We are at war. The whole world is at war. How can anyone be gay and carefree when others are in tears? It is human nature to laugh with others; also to cry with others. And yet, though we are in the throes of a terrible struggle of survival, we must not become so gloomy as to disregard our Christmas celebration completely.

The very word Christmas has a kind of magic to it. It is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful words in our language. Say it softly, slowly—Christmas. Think what it means; what it stands for. Can't you see, at the top of the Christmas tree, the glittering star—symbol of love and hope and beauty? And

then your thoughts wing back over the centuries to that blessed Christmas two thousand years ago. Just as today, there was great sorrow and darkness in the world. Then a star, shining gloriously, beckoned the wise men to the simple manger where the little Christ-Child lay. In our world of darkness and strife, let us look to the clear, starry heavens; and, like the shepherds, let us follow the light, seeking Truth.

We must preserve the sacred tradition of Christmas. Somebody must keep alive the spirit of Christmas, and someone must save Santa Claus for the children of tomorrow. Having escaped, thus far, so many of the horrible realities of war, probably America is best fitted for carrying high the Christmas torch till peace comes again to our war-weary world.

Even though we do not enjoy the frivolous gaiety of former Christmases, let us feel deeply the real meaning of Christmas this year. And when we gather 'round the softly glowing Christmas tree, let us humbly pray that next Christmas all the earth can joyfully and truthfully sing, "Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."



FRANK BARRECA

The Snow of Christmas

By Frank Barreca

A WILD, bleak darkness settles over the earth;
The snow is a crimson carpet on the frozen ground.
Laced across this bloody scene,
In complex, chaotic design,
Stretches the barbed wire,—
Barbs, which maim, disfigure, even kill
With deadly, biting fangs.

Whistling, shrieking, the shells scream overhead;
They erupt in ear-splitting roars,
Sending geysers of earth and crimson snow
Into the cold night air.

The stars of Christmas shine with steadfast light
Upon a nightmare fraught with bursting bombs,
And groans and fiendish death.

War is a ghastly thing which spares no man.
Crushing and killing with insensate fury,
It overwhelms everything in its path
As though it were a giant tidal wave.

The Man of Sorrows, His sacred face bloodstained,
Looks sadly down upon His world,
Racked with pain and misery,—
A world that has strayed far away from Him,
A world that has forgotten many things,
A world that has foresworn the message of the Christ Child:
“Let there be peace on earth;
Let there be love.”

The War and Mr. Claus

By Paul Feldman

T WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring—except me. I had just arrived home from a Christmas dance. I walked into our living room and there was a fellow who looked just like Mr. Five by Five. He even had a red zoot suit. The stranger needed a shave badly.

"I," said he, "am Santa Claus, also known as Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas, and by many other names."

"You've got more aliases than Public Enemy No. 1. But your name sounds sort of familiar. Any relation to W. C. Fields? Around the nose there is quite a resemblance."

"Sir, you insult me," he said. "No doubt you are just ah-kidding."

"I'm just fcoling. How's business anyway?"

He heaved a heavy sigh. "Oh dear, business is awful. I have a low priority number for one thing; I can't get fuel to heat my toy factory; and worst of all, a lot of my dwarfs have left me for work at the G. E. Honest, son, this war's hit me hard."

"Gee, that's too bad. I didn't think a swell guy like you'd have any trouble. How about the transportation problem?"

Mr. Claus groaned. "I can't get gas or tires. I sold my reindeer back in '38 and bought a beach wagon that's useless now. I'm using a pair of last year's roller skates for this trip and have I lost weight! Next year I hope to purchase a jeep."

"Ch, by the way," I said, "Am I getting what I wished for?"

"Where would I get a gorgeous blonde? And if I knew where to get one, do you think I'd give her away? Not on your life, brother!"

"I don't blame you, Mr. Claus, but are you sure you . . ."



"Say, what time is it?" he interrupted.

I informed him it was a little past two, then added "There's one thing, Santa, that I especially want. It's about this war, you know."

"Yes, I know, son, but remember this. It isn't within my power to bring you everything. The most coveted thing in the world today is victory. But victory is something that you have to get yourself. This war's an individual fight. Teamwork is everything—but every team is composed of individuals. Every member has to fight as hard as he can if his team is to win. You're on a team, the American team, and a swell one it is. The winning depends on you. You won't get victory for Christmas, son, but if you do your part, victory will be assured."

Mr. Claus skated away, looking like cherry jello on wheels.

I was tired, so I went to sleep.

"Christmas Gift"

By Gloria Goldsmith

THE song the radio was playing about a white Christmas went in pretty deep with Joan. It made her uneasy and bitter.

Even if this Christmas was white, it would soon be reddened with blood. She doubted the validity of the meaning of the Christmas story she used to read in Sunday School. Where was the love—the good feeling—the peace on earth that the Child Jesus was supposed to represent?

She walked down the hall and put on her hat and coat in an absorbed manner.

"Where are you going, Joan?" her father called out from the living room.

"Out," she answered.

"When will you be home?"

"I don't know," she called back.

Outside the air was moist with large snowflakes. The wind caught them and they were as partners in a reel. They twined and glided gaily—then merged into one blanket of whiteness.

She walked down the street feeling the aliveness of wind and snow. Then, suddenly the tumult ceased. She was still conscious of the storm but a great quietude prevailed. Before her stretched a vast snow covered plain agleam with millions of tiny snow diamonds. Overhead, the stars shone brilliantly.

Joan stopped—her heart was pounding furiously—her breath was short and expectant. Her sight seemed to include everything around her, yet somehow, she experienced a vague sense of a presence which she could not perceive. Some unseen force seemed near, but only light was visible.

She turned again and again—stepping forward—seeking what she felt! The snow suddenly came up to her, borne on the wind! She was inclosed in a cloud of snow which whirled around her! The tempo of the elements increased!

She turned to the east and saw a great light, and the rest seemed to fall away and stillness descended.

A ray of light fell down upon her. She looked up into it and followed its path to whence it came.

A star! In the east! She laughed to herself.

"You still don't believe it, do you?" asked a soft voice beside her.

Joan turned and found a beautiful, olive-complexioned woman standing beside her.

"You still think the story of Him is a glorious myth? You think the love and peace He taught is a lovely fairy tale? You think this because all the love and peace and hope you want to know are not being given you without effort. You think the whole world is falling into a despondent abyss of sorrow, regret, and bitterness. But you're wrong, Joan," the woman said.

"Who are you? What are you? Where did you come from?"

"As to what I am, I don't think it matters. And perhaps I came from the tempest of snow that overwhelmed you so completely."

"It isn't possible. I don't believe it."

"No, of course not. But I think you will. Come on, now. We have a few places to go."

Joan took the extended hand, and they seemed to pass over cities, towns, mountains and seas. Soon, they were no longer in America.

Joan looked down and saw Russian women and children fighting in the streets of a city, fighting for what they believed in. She saw Chetnik men blowing up a German supply train. And Free Frenchmen lifting their eyes to Heaven with a renewed spirit. She saw English air-raid wardens pacing their bleak posts and watching to warn of an oncoming

attack. She saw the starved figures of Greeks waiting hungrily for a day of victory. She heard the submerged mumble of a people waking up in Europe—waking up to fight once more for all that had once been their lives. She saw the men in the Solomons pushing back the little demon from Japan. She saw American troops fighting in the hot, desert sands of North Africa. Everywhere—men, women, and children striving for the future and all that it must bring.

"Now," said the woman, "we're going to Bethlehem. It may not be easy to see there—you see—Bethlehem is having a blackout!"

"Bethlehem!" echoed Joan. "City of Christ blacked out? No, no, I understand now. I've been foolish, and a lot of others like me have been foolish, too. We will all fight—fight with our bare hands if necessary. We'll fight for our children's world. We'll fight now, because after this war the world is going to change. It is almost eleven centuries late, but the change will come.

"Can war indeed blackout the Star in the

East? Can it ever blackout Christ and all He means? No, instead, it intensifies our faith in Him and more than that—our faith in our future."

The woman smiled, "Then, there isn't any need for you to go there. There is nothing more I have to show you. But there are others. Goodbye now, Joan. I may see you again." And the voice faded away.

Joan found herself in the same gleaming field. The snow had stopped falling. Everything was still.

She didn't question what she had seen. A smile of courage crept into her lips and her eyes.

She walked back towards her home and was glad to see the warm glow from a Christmas candle in the window. She went up the front steps, opened the door, and walked into the living room.

She looked over at her father and smiled. A look of deep understanding passed between them.

"Merry Christmas, father," she said.

Promises for Tomorrow

By Eileen Bloomberg

I WATCHED her take a handful of seeds from the brittle heads of the flowers and put them in her apron pocket. She didn't realize what she had done; the gesture was seemingly instinctive. News that her homeland was in the hands of the oppressor had come to her. Flowers didn't interest her then, yet she culled the seeds mechanically.

With that scene mingling with my thoughts, I looked out of my window a few nights later and saw new lights. Lights for men laboring over blueprints, lights for men using mammoth machines, lights for men working in laboratories, everywhere lights which enable our war industries to function.

There are new lights too, on the faces of youngsters as they wend their way to school. Talk has shifted from jump ropes to scrap collections. The influence of these same col-

lections has magically changed the proverbial apple for the teacher to an old iron frying pan. Even the tiniest children are bringing patriotic pictures to hang on the walls of the school room.

New interests have entered our world. Bridge clubs are laying aside their cards to take up knitting. Idle gossip is hushed in Red Cross classes. Sewing circles are coming into their own once again.

The new lights in the factories, new lights on children's faces, new interests, these are our promises of tomorrow—as many tomorrow as are necessary to wipe vileness from the earth. We will wipe it off. I know it by the very fact that I have wanted to say these things—by that something in my friend which made her stick out her hand to put seeds for another spring in her apron pocket.

The Gloomy Side

By Lois Burke

AS thoughts of Christmas begin to filter into my mind, I find myself both happy and unhappy. Happy, because I have always cherished a strong feeling for that holiday,—for its religious meaning, for its cheery spirit, and for the delicious smells it brings—the tangy scent of evergreens and pine wreaths, the spicy aroma of steaming plum pudding, and the incomparable redolence of roasting turkey;—unhappy, because I find myself wading once again, into a seemingly endless morass of Christmas shopping. And that brings us to the subject of this narrative.

Some people are not acquainted with the technique every Christmas shopper should have. For instance, there is my Aunt Mabel. She hasn't seen me for five years. Yet every Yuletide, she gets the urge to send me something feminine. Last year she sent a long haired, fuzzy, pink angora sweater, which, to be honest, makes me look like an upturned mop.

Uncle Paul, on the other hand, has always cherished the hope that his favorite niece and

godchild would be a husky tomboy. So, from the depths of the Maine woods, comes a rainbow plaid lumber jacket, which is so bright that when I wear it, I am mistaken for the latest thing in self-propelling neon lights.

Cousin Hepzibah always sends a vase. Be it for birthday, anniversary, or patriotic holiday, her gift is a flamboyant piece of china or glass. Mother once waxed over enthusiastic on the subject of a blue-green-orange-pink hand-painted monstrosity, sent for the purpose of brightening up my room. So Auntie took up china painting, and someone sent her a complete paint set. We expect the results of that dire mistake to arrive any day now.

On the whole, though, I am fairly lucky in receipt of Christmas gifts. At least fifty percent are often not only usable but sensible. After all, there is good and bad in all things. Why, if there were no disappointing Christmas gifts, we grouchers would have nothing to grouch about. Horrible thought! So—Merry Christmas!!!!

December Morn

By Lois Dickert

THE pale grey light of early morning coaxed my eyelids open. Blinking the sleep out of my eyes, I saw tiny snowflakes drifting down out of a grey sky. I jumped agilely out of bed and ran to my window. I drew in my breath in a soft gasp. A veritable fairyland—all crystal and white and glistening! Nature overnight had covered the world outside my window with a soft white blanket. The tree trunks were black but the branches were fringed with white. The road, stretching dark and moist as a heavily-inked typewriter ribbon, lay in sharp contrast to the pure white snow. And still those tiny

white flakes came dancing down to earth, shyly and gracefully—thousands of them, and still more and more, never ending. . . . The rooftops were powdered with snow, and from several chimneys rose grey smoke which mingled with the greyness of the sky and disappeared. The silence, caused by the early hour and by the carpet of snow, was so complete and so heavy that it was almost a sound. My imagination played havoc with me. I was in another world—a world of sparkling dreams and silent, dancing fairies and perfect quiet and peace. A business truck rattled past over the wet road. The spell was broken.

Education for Democracy

By Eugene H. Deragon

SINCE the beginning of time there has been an unceasing fight to gain the liberties which belong to man and man alone, the liberties of self-government and the rights granted to us by the first ten amendments of our Constitution. These cannot be taken away. Our fathers and their fathers before them died on the fields of battle so that we might enjoy these privileges.

It is a proven fact that he who is all powerful will dominate the world. If freedom is to be the all powerful, we must not let any one man or nation become so strong that he can destroy this freedom. Dictators should never be given the opportunity to gain power and turn the minds of men to other than peaceful obligations. We should guard against losing our rights to such individuals.

Ask yourself this question: "What causes war?" The answer to this seemingly perplexing problem is indeed very simple. It is man's greed. Yes, greed is the sole cause of all the suffering which emerges from war. As long as this characteristic persists, how can we have anything but war? War is not the best preservative of our liberties. We must throw off the cloak of this bondage and don the cloak of peace. We need not have to call on the gods of war for our salvation. The annals of history show that armed conflict has brought nothing but pestilence and poverty. It has never ironed out the wrinkles of hate, revenge, and jealousy of mankind.

The best and only preservative of peace is the banishment of ignorance among the people. Before we Americans can trust ourselves to be the example to the rest of the world, we must first learn the art of self-governing as individuals here, in our own country. The majority of the people of the United States

have not the knowledge they should have about their own government. They should be taught as children in school the fundamentals upon which their government is based. The principles for which we are craving are found in the words of a truly great American. These words should ring not only in the ears of Americans but also in the ears of the whole human race: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." We must go forth and teach all nations that this government is for all. No country should be denied the rights which we possess. First, the education of the mind must be developed before we can take that last great step to everlasting peace and prosperity.

During this so-called period of re-education (if I might call it that), representatives of all countries should meet in discussion. This preliminary was denied the American people during the years following World War I. Why? Are our isolationists, whose policy it has been to separate ourselves from the troubles of the world which persistently surrounds us, to be left to carry on their universal undemocratic ideals? We are just starting out on the long journey over the rainbow to obtain for the world that highly-priced pot-o-gold. It is the duty of the American people to decide whether or not those coins of freedom shall remain untouched, until gleaned from their hiding place by the hands of democracy.

Poor Richard says: "One today is worth two tomorrows." Buy War Savings Stamps today and every day.



LET'S TALK ABOUT THE THEATRE

By Francis Molloy



WHETHER we are aware of the fact or not, many of us take a peculiar delight in playing make-believe, a pastime which we have unconsciously carried over from childhood. Now, the theatre is, fundamentally, make-believe, the actors pretending to be the persons they are depicting. In the theatre there are two classes of "make-believers," as it were, the passive group or the audience, and the active, the actual players. The active group is the one in which we are interested in this issue.

We find that from the beginning of this century love of the theatre has become part of the warp and weave of American life. It may be a seat at a ten-cent movie show, a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, or a place upon the stage that draws an individual to the theatre, but that eagerness, that love, that infinite enjoyment that surround the theatre make the theatre just as much a part of each American today as are baseball, chewing gum, and banana splits.

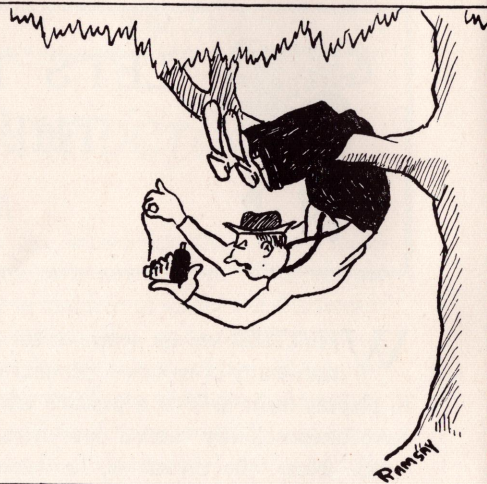
The legitimate stage has profited greatly from the little theatre groups, which have become well organized units, with a paid director in some instances, and under the direction of its own most talented player in other instances. Shortly after the beginning of these little theatre groups, international tournaments were arranged, and the American units found a place of honor. Through these little theatre groups an outlet has been given to the talent of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

The more serious performers, however, desiring to continue their training, became members of summer schools of acting. The summer theatres are usually under capable management. The students are required to pay tuition and are privileged to play in the same show as a guest star or two. Our Stockbridge Players are an example of local interest.

The oldest and most famous summer theatre in the United States, however, is the Lakewood Playhouse near Skowhegan, Maine. Started by Herbert L. Swett in 1901, it was probably the first summer theatre. Then others followed. The Skowhegan theatre has produced 555 plays, thus setting a world's record. Howard Lindsey (whom I mentioned in an earlier issue) appeared at one time in that theatre in "The Old Soak". Humphrey Bogart, Groucho Marx, Ethel Barrymore, and Dorothy Stickney (also mentioned with Mr. Lindsey) were among the many notable guest stars. Will Rogers' daughter Mary made her debut and Ed Wynn's son Keenan also got his start in that backwoods theatre. In the same "theatre in the sticks" were held the premieres of such famous plays as "Life With Father", "Mr. and Mrs. North", "Free Soul", and "Remember the Day."

Five million dollars was the estimated take of the summer theatres in 1938. They scheduled more plays and actors than Broadway presented in a normal eight months' season. The summer theatres have thrived through storm and calm, and their value to the stage is tremendous.

WHO'S WHO



ELEANOR ECKERSON

This is Eleanor Eckerson, second vice-president of the Senior Class, president of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, and member of the War Morale Council. Pert, blonde, and lovely, she's a favorite in and out of school. Her ambition, a great one we believe, is to become a commander of WAAC's. Well, just what army would *mind* having her at its head?

WILLIAM MAGNER

This blond, curly headed senior is William Magner, better known about P. H. S. portals as "Bill". Aside from his duties as first vice-president of our Senior Class and his work as an active member of Senior Hi-Y, he has done an excellent job of managing our football team during the past three years. When questioned by your reporter as to what he wished to be when he grew up, Bill replied with a broad grin (as usual), "Big". We're prophesying that "witty Willy" will fill the shoes of Bob Hope.



JEAN HOUGH

This diminutive blond miss has her hands full taking care of the Senior Class dues in the capacity of their very able treasurer. Known as "Jeanie" among her intimates, she is active in the music department and many other extra-curriculum activities. By the way, she's planning to enter Cornell, so get your applications in early, boys.



NORMAN BORNAK

Here, lads and lassies, we give you Norman Bornak. He's blond and he's tall. Not just tall in the general sense of the word but really high up—6' 4"!!! Is it any wonder that he's captain of the 1942 P. H. S. basketball team? Sorry, girls, where you're concerned, there's just no hope.

LOIS DICKERT

Any time you're looking for her, Lois Dickert can be found looking for pictures of Louis Hayward—he's tops with her. Among her minor occupations, Lois is short-story editor of *THE PEN*, a member of the Student Council, and a member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y.



It's the Style

By June Ravage

WHEN your toes begin to tingle, tangle, tingle, no, you aren't so very far from wrong, it is time to begin hunting for some of those spiffy shoe socks to wear after skiing, skating or—what with the fuel shortage scheduled to hit us even harder yet, just on general principles. They are oodles of fun to flop around in or sprawl before the fire in, especially when you have on some slick wool or flannel slacks and a cuddly sweater or toasty warm shirt in a shrieking color that adds warmth to both you and the picture. The socks are a cinch to buy for presents, and they are something a gal might not go out to get for herself so hint, hint. (Is anyone listening? Say it a little louder.)

As usual the perfume and cosmetic companies have vied with one another in an effort to produce the most eye catching packages, and have they ever succeeded! We all love to get dainty packages, so lend an ear there, mom and dad, sis and brother, and anyone else who is even remotely interested in the good and happiness of the American girl. By the way, girls, don't forget that since you like to receive such gifts as powder, perfume, nail polish sets, colognes and other such things, give them—that's fun too.

Take it easy now, don't hoard them or do anything drastic like that, but there will be some nylons on the market for the Christmas shopping season. They won't be too expensive, so you can give them as gifts that will be duly appreciated by everyone from Aunt Jane down to Sister Sue.

Are those gifts to be sent to the men in service driving you slowly but surely crazy? Here are a few suggestions along that line. How about some monogrammed playing cards complete with the insignia of his branch of the service? Or, also monogrammed, you

could send him a luxury—a package of book matches. They are fascinating—especially when accompanied by a carton or two of his favorite cigarettes. Order things of this sort now to assure delivery. No matter how much they joke about it, every service man needs and appreciates a good sewing kit, and, speaking of kits, a good leather writing kit is an invaluable acquisition. Then there is no excuse for unanswered letters, particularly if you put in a good supply of paper. Certain articles of clothing are always welcome; and last but not least, if he doesn't get a furlough, be sure that he gets a letter and some sort of package from home.

Remember, it's the style to buy war savings bonds and stamps.

THIS CHRISTMAS

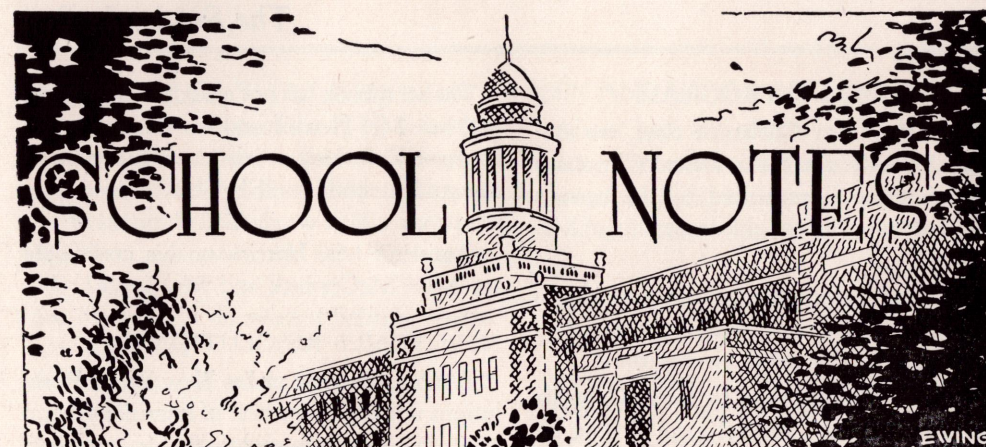
By Jane Burnett

Soft snow gently falling,
Happy chickadees loudly calling,
On the hill, children sliding,
Shouting, singing, swiftly gliding
Down the slopes.

Oaken logs blazing, crackling,
Golden flames leaping, dancing,
Bright-eyed babies merrily gurgling,
Old folks patiently watching, yearning
For peace once more.

Turkeys and capons hotly roasting,
Chestnuts and pop-corn crisply toasting,
Fat plum puddings slowly baking,
Heavenly odors everywhere making
As in days of yore.

Church bells joyously pealing,
Sleighbells echoing the feeling,
War seems very far away
On this shining gladsome day
Of earthly hopes.



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL VICTORY CORPS

Of the newly formed extra-curricular activities of the school, the Victory Corps has perhaps aroused the most comment among the student body.

Physical fitness classes during school hours are being organized for senior students who have free periods during the course of the day, and who cannot possibly arrange to attend the sessions being conducted after school from two-thirty until four o'clock.

The aim of the physical fitness program is to help prepare the youths of America for their places in the world by insuring health through strengthened bodies. Due to schedule mix-ups this phase of the Victory Corps has been retarded, and until the physical fitness plans are well organized and put into successful practice, there will be no definite announcements concerning the other branches. Physical fitness is a required course for entrance into all divisions.

The committees and chairmen for the various branches have been announced by Mr. John E. Joyce, the director, and are as follows: Air Service—Arthur P. Goodwin, Chairman; Miss Marion L. Bulger, Theodore Herberg. Community Service—James P. Reynolds, Chairman; Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Elizabeth Enright, Miss Luella A. Viger, Miss Madeline Pfeiffer, Charles E. Murphy.

General Corps—Lawrence J. Murphy, Chairman; Miss Doris R. Carmel, Thomas R. Curtin, Harold E. Hennessy, Joseph N. Ryan. Land Service—Milon J. Herrick, Chairman; Joseph P. McGovern, Miss Helene Millet, Miss Dorothy A. Rhoades. Physical Fitness—John T. Carmody, Chairman; Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin, Miss Helen McNaughton, Charles E. Stewart. Productive Service—John F. Moran, Chairman; Mrs. Mary Beahan, Edward N. McLaughlin, Walter F. Reagan. Sea Service—John P. Leahy, Chairman; Harold E. Lynch, Cornelius McMahon.

Good luck, Victory Corps! We hope to hear of your future achievements.

SCULPTRESS

Bursts of laughter emanating from the P. H. S. auditorium at 8.45 A. M. on November 25 were caused by the witty jokes and amusing discourse of Miss Dorothy Mason, who lectured on the art of sculpturing. While explaining the fundamental rules of sculpturing, Miss Mason selected Theresa Fiorini from the student body and made a clay model of her head. Several of the more famous statues in America, their origin, and their creators were discussed. This was the second S.A.S. assembly of the year, and we look forward to the rest of the programs being as interesting and enjoyable as this one by Miss Mason.

THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Every year near Christmas time, we students anxiously await the annual Christmas program which is presented by the various organizations under the able leadership of Mr. Gorman.

This year the program, which promises to be a very enjoyable one, will be presented on the morning of December twenty-third.

There will be selections by the A Cappella Choir, and also the general carol singing by the student body.

The singing will be accompanied by the P. H. S. orchestra.

CHRISTMAS
DECORATING COMMITTEE

The Senior Class Council has elected Ted Volsky as the chairman of the Christmas Decorating Committee.

As his committee, he has appointed the following students: Edward Larkin, Gladys Jones, Kenyon Ferry, Dale Miller, and Richard Anderson.

SCHOOLS AT WAR

I believe that the majority of us students enjoy the hobby of keeping a scrapbook. At present the Student War Morale Council Committee is keeping a scrapbook for us which, as you know, is a report to the nation concerning our war activities.

Mr. Herrick has been selected by the committee as chairman of the "Schools At War" scrapbook. Mr. Herrick has not yet received the scrapbook, but he expects it to arrive from Boston soon.

We can, however, prepare the material so that it will all be prepared prior to the scrapbook's arrival. Mr. Herrick will appreciate any material, such as newspaper clippings, pictures, or records concerning the school, which you might have.

The scrapbook has not made much progress yet, but Mr. Herrick and his committee are constantly working at it and, with the aid of the student body, will be able to produce a scrapbook which we shall all be proud of.

Assisting Mr. Herrick on his committee are Miss McCormick and Mr. Joyce.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Almost everyone makes New Year's Resolutions with the very best of intentions—and also almost everyone breaks his within a week. Let's glance at some of our teachers' and classmates' resolutions (and let's notice if they keep them!)

RUTH WILBUR—To keep up my correspondence with the armed forces.

MISS RHOADES—Not to make any more resolutions.

TED VOLSKY—To stop wolfing!

BETTE WESTOVER—Not to fight any more!

BOBBY BOLAND—No more women!??

JEAN PIERSON—Not to crack any more corny jokes! (Impossible!)

BOBBY CONLIN—To wear a name card, so I won't be confused, by certain people, with Bunny.

KENNY FERRY—To be a good boy!

MISS NAGLE—To try to make my 5th period class really appreciate Vergil!

CORNY HARRIGAN—To do Miss Kaliher's history charts, always.

LA FOREST SMITH—To support the New England Conservatory for another year.

JANET KEEGAN—Not to cheat in typewriting.

JUNE PARKER—I've given up making resolutions (she likes herself as she is!)

BUNNY COZZIO—To stop bothering my friends by talking about Springfield.

BILL BRODERICK—To be quiet in Miss Rhoades' sixth period study.

MISS MILLET—Always to be in good humor.

STEVIE ST. PALLEY—To date Miss Rhoades up to go horseback riding.

DELIGHT BULLOCK—To get some work done in 212 second period.

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Each year, members of the P. H. S. faculty have sent in their lists to Santa. This year, they have varied Christmas wishes. Let's see if we can help St. Nick:

MISS NAGLE—I want to see Washington (D. C.)

MISS MILLET—A fluorescent lighting system for Room 142.

MR. HERRICK—A white Christmas, with a steak dinner!

MISS BULGER—An airplane trip south.

MISS KALIHHER—Five nice, new rubber tires! (Don't get in trouble with Uncle Sam!)

MR. GORMAN—Boys, boys, and more boys.

MR. LEAHY—A rocking chair.

MISS PFEIFFER—An eight day week.

MISS MURPHY—A super-furnace.

MISS KENNEDY—Peace on earth.

MISS CASEY—Placards with French verb conjugations on them to hang on the trees outside Room 138.

MR. GEARY—I hope they'll never ration corned beef and cabbage.

MRS. PIERCE—A few exemptions from income tax.

MR. MCGOVERN—Berlin (preferably in little pieces.)

MISS MORSE—A gadget to prevent whistling in corridors.

MISS CORCORAN—I want so much it would fill the whole page.

MR. STROUT—Time.

MR. CAREY—Peace.

MR. MURPHY—I hope Santa doesn't wait until December 25th to come this year.

MISS HODGES—A new set of erasers for her English classes.

MISS RHOADES—Just one minute of peace.

MISS JORDAN—Hitler's scalp.

MISS CONLON—75-minute hours, like the Romans had. Maybe then I could get some things done!

MR. KRIGER—An immense U. S. naval victory in the Pacific (Just for a change, you know.)

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

About half the seniors at P. H. S. are waiting and waiting and waiting for Christmas vacation. Explanation: Army furloughs, Navy and Marine leaves, and college vacations.

Ask Lolly Easland how she likes taking care of children (?).

Marion May is the new Sweetheart of DeMolay. It's not hard to understand why, since we all know and appreciate her.

It seemed very right to see Smit and Barb dancing together again at the Sweetheart Dance.

Let's ask Miss Nagle how well she likes Greek gods "stepping out of the clouds" and the "flowing phrases of Aeneas." Or maybe we should ask her Vergil class. It knows.

It seems that Frannie Fields has a long wait for his favorite tune to turn up on ANY juke box.

Lillian Clark and Bunny Cozzio have finally paid ALL their debts. (Can that really be true?)

Jean Peirson has been admiring her picture in the Thanksgiving issue of THE PEN.

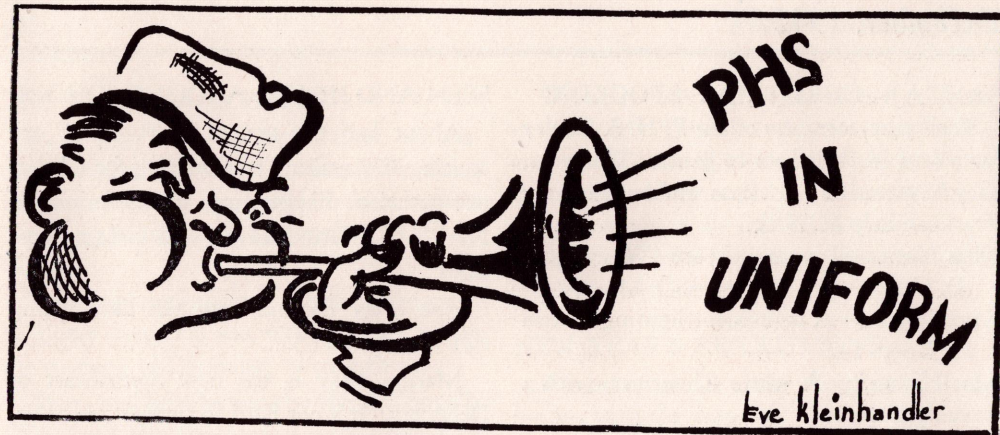
Was that Dot Brennan teaching John Beanzi how to knit in Study Hall?

Be sure never to criticize St. Joseph's High School to Jane Helliwell. It seems that she's prejudiced in its favor.

Mr. Herrick is so busy with Junior Class elections that he won't talk for THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Alpha Tri-Hi-Y is amazed at the glamour that has been revealed in their group picture.

Don't worry if your grades are small
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.



RADIO MAN THIRD CLASS C. L. PERRY

Leonard left P. H. S. in February of 1932 to take a job in A. H. Rice Silk Mills. He joined the Navy in April of 1941 and took radio training. He is the only son in his family in the armed forces.

C. L. Perry, R.M. 3C.
Terminal Island
San Pedro, California
S. C. 734 Detail

PRIVATE ATTILIO A. CENTOFANTI, U.S.M.C.

Private Centafanti graduated from Pittsfield High in June, 1941. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in November and is now stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina.

PRIVATE PHILIP JANCHUK, U.S.M.C.

Phil and Attilio were buddies. Private Janchuk graduated in 1941 and went with Centofanti to Parris Island.

APPRENTICE SEAMAN

MARIANO DI CENZO, U.S.N.

Bluejacket Di Cenzo graduated in 1941, when he starred as a javelin thrower on the P. H. S. track team. He is now stationed in Chicago, Ill., where he is taking a six months' course as a metalsmith.

APPRENTICE SEAMAN

BENJAMIN FRANZANELLO, U.S.N.

Seaman Franzanello, P. H. S., '41, is aboard the Vulcan, doing sea duty. We'll bet he's seeing plenty of action right now. Ben enlisted in the navy in 1941.

PVT. JAMES ANDERSON, U.S.M.C.

Jimmy joined the Marines in November of this year. He is now receiving basic training at Parris Island, S. C. Jim was Senior Counselor in the Order of De Molay and was active in numerous other youth activities throughout the city. We wish him the best of luck in his new venture.

PRIVATE BOLOGNA SEES GREAT BRITAIN

This month P. H. S. in Uniform is publishing parts of a letter from one of our fighting lads, so that we at school can get first hand information about what our boys are doing. The letter this month is from Private Joseph Bologna, who was wounded in action in Ireland. He recently returned to America on a hospital ship. After a short convalescence and a shorter visit with his parents Pvt. Bologna returned to military duty. This is the letter as I received it—

Dear Miss Barstow,

I was very happy to learn of the honor THE STUDENT'S PEN bestows upon its boys in the service, but there are things we fellows are not able to talk about. If I were to tell you of my experience many memories would come rushing back and they are not very pleasant memories; therefore let's not talk about them.

However, I would like to tell you about our boatride. Many of the fellows were very sea sick, but on the whole the trip was grand. One of my greatest thrills came the second day at sea. I was just coming off guard (50 caliber anti aircraft machine guns) and in changing from bright sunlight into the darkness of the corridor, I was momentarily blinded so that I bumped into a fellow soldier. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I found that the fellow was none other than Louis Russo, former P. H. S. football star. We arrived at Glasgow, Scotland five days after our embarkation.

Now, about the weather in Ireland and England. I sat in many a history class at P. H. S. and remember hearing Mr. Carey (a swell teacher) boast about Ireland. Well, the sun shines about once a week. In fact our boys call rain, "Irish Sunshine."

The A.L.S. girls are about the hardest working girls I have ever seen. They drive trucks and man light anti aircraft instruments in order to set the soldiers free for front duty.

As for civilians, I have seen them in actual

air raids walk, not run, to an air raid shelter very calmly and coolly, and again I've seen some men stand and watch Hitler's bombers and take it very calmly. Frank Pia (one of your fellow students at P. H. S.) has a picture which I sent to him, of an actual 50 cal. shell. If you ask him to show it to you, it will give you an idea of what our boys are up against.

Thanks again for the privilege of writing to THE PEN. I'd like to say more, but you know about military secrets. Well, as the English would say, "Cheerio," and keep our boys flying.

Yours truly,

Pvt. Jos. Bologna

This letter will make you realize I'm sure as I did when I received it that our boys are depending upon us to help them win this war. Get behind them today and it will be Victory for U. S.

Arlene Barstow

A.S. CHARLES McCARTY, U.S.N.

Another P. H. S. alumnus in the navy blue, Chuck McCarty, '41. He joined up in November and is now training in Newport, R. I.

A.S. TED BOUDREAU, U.S.N.

Ted, who joined the navy in November with McDermott and McCarty, is stationed with them at Newport, R. I. Ted graduated in 1941.

"MOOSE" McDERMOTT, U.S.N.

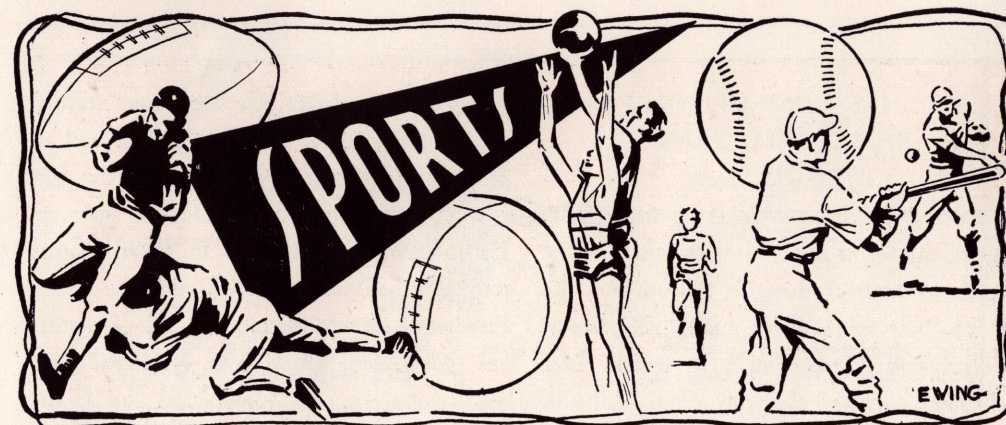
It is doubted that Seaman McDermott is listed in Navy files as "Moose" but to us at P. H. S. he is known by no other name. "Moose" left in November with Ted and Chuck and is likewise stationed at Newport.

A. DESMOND AND L. TABOR, U. S. N.

Two local characters have joined the armed services, Aubrey Desmond and Lawrence "Pete" Tabor. Both left for Newport, R. I. late in November where they will receive their basic naval training. "Des" and "Pete" were both of the Class of '43.



P. H. S. BAND



BASKETBALL PREVIEW

By William Zalenski

Look up and take notice students of P.H.S.! Basketball season has crept up upon us through our dismal year of football setbacks and with it a potential Berkshire County champion.

Let us look into this team before we go any further. From last year's quintet returning for more action and stardom are Captain Norman Bornak and Joe Boudreau plus such outstanding players on last year's jayvees as Jimmy Garivaltis, Pete Arlos, "Junie" Race and Rod Brown and a newcomer from New York City, Marmorak. Thus, it can be seen P. H. S. can put a quintet on the floor that is going to prove troublesome to any team in the league. Not only is the team experienced and capable, but it is the tallest in the league and in basketball when you have a tall quintet with the ability of the Pittsfield players that's bad news (for the opponents.)

But now let's see how P. H. S. compares with the other teams in the league. Before the season started dopesters figured that the top teams belonged to P. H. S., Adams, Williamstown, Dalton and St. Joseph's of Pittsfield. On opening night, however, only P. H. S. and St. Joseph's managed to win. P. H. S. soundly defeated powerful Williamstown in that town while St. Joe's had a hard time of it in eeking out a 25-21 victory over a

weak Drury team. Now you can see why I feel so optimistic over P. H. S.'s chances of winning their first county championship in many years.

The method in which they defeated Williamstown has convinced me that P. H. S. will prove itself the best team in the league. The way they held the Red and White's stars in check and bombarded the opponent's basket with shots has prompted me to go out on a limb and predict that P. H. S. will not lose one game this year and thus be crowned Berkshire County Basketball Champions.

ON ICE

By Richard Carpino

The Purple and White banner has waved over the final 1942 P. H. S. pigskin battle. A new force of combat troops and a new field of dispute are being used to glorify the school banner.

The P. H. S. hockey squad has taken up the fight where the football eleven left off.

Under the command of Coach Carmody, the ice-troop of last year came through undefeated in four of seven battles, with a score of 19 points for the season. Diminutive Bill King, the team's center, was an outstanding scorer.

Coach has announced that due to transportation difficulties the only teams definitely chalked to challenge the P. H. S. rink six are the following: Cranwell, Lenox, Darrow.

P. H. S. WINS OPENING BASKETBALL GAME

By Donald Morey

It may be early to forecast the final standings of the teams in this infant season of the Northern Berkshire League, but on the basis of my observation of the basketball game at Williamstown, December 4, in which Pittsfield High defeated the home team Williamstown quintet, 34-25, I predict a great future for Coach Stewart's basketball team this season.

The game started fast and furious with Chapman, the college city's star forward, thrilling the home gathering with three spectacular baskets in the first period. Meanwhile Race and Capt. Bornak of P. H. S. tallied for the visitors and the period ended with Williamstown ahead, 10-6. Although outscored

in the second quarter, the home team still led at half time, 16-14. Pittsfield's team had an outstanding advantage in height and this fact became more dominant as the game went on. Bornak, Brown, and Arlos are all six-footers and the others who participated in the fracas, Boudreau, Race, Marmorek, and Garivaltis are good-sized. P. H. S. gathered momentum as the game progressed and as the third stanza closed, they led, 24-23. Things really started to pop in the final eight minutes and P. H. S. finished in a glaze of glory, scoring 10 points to Williamstown's 2.

Bornak, P. H. S. captain, with 11 points and Marmorek with 8, led the Pittsfield offense. The team's defense was aimed at Chapman, and it was so successful that the Williamstown star was held to one point in the last three periods.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jayne Hearn

"Ouch—Oh, I can hardly move! Help me along" are complaints heard about the school on Tuesday mornings. For on Mondays, the Seniors and Juniors are put through their exercises in the gym, undergoing a rigid physical training period by Miss McNaughton. Tall girls, short girls, fat and thin, all meet to, shall I say, perfect their figures, for this work is beneficial to all in many ways. A large number are out to take part in this "Victory Corps" work. Why don't more of you girls come and begin this course? "Get in good condition" could be your motto!

Then—Miss McLaughlin's dancing ability is brought to light as the "Shaw" group commences to practice. "Point—one, two, three and slide—" is sung out as with grace-

ful gestures, the dancers keep time to the music. This year an original dance will be put on as these members "rack their brains" for new steps and a manner in which a story can be put, by dancing, to music.

Lastly—we find others practicing for team work in volleyball. Seniors, juniors, and sophomores are striving to outdo each other as they prepare to perfect themselves for the "fight". We wish everyone could "make a team", but—if at first you don't succeed, try, try again! Anyway—"Good Luck" to all!

And now—I'm sure that if you go into any of these groups—you'll not only have fun but by helping yourself build a stronger and healthier body, you'll "aid your country!"

Join!! The more the merrier!



William Kelly, who will be remembered as the Class Day orator for the Class of '42 and also as president of the Debating Club, last year, is enrolled as a freshman at Ohio State University.

Helen Wade, graduate of the Class of '41 and editor of THE PEN during that year, was among the twenty-four students to be initiated into the Nereidion Club, aquatic organization at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Robert Cranston has been elected vice-president of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. where he is studying chemical engineering.

Priscilla Reynolds '42 is a member of the freshman class at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

M. Heilman Bates '42, a student at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., was recently pledged to Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Former member of THE PEN staff, Donald Feigenbaum '42, is also at Union College.

Virginia Murphy '42 is studying at The College of Our Lady of the Elms, while Joan Collins seeks higher knowledge at Manhattanville College of Sacred Heart.

Gordon Hough, a sophomore at Cornell University, has been initiated into the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Sylvia Wellington '42 is a student at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in New York City.

Robert Cahall '39 who has been studying at Worcester Tech is now enrolled at the

University of New Hampshire. We hear that he is convalescing from a recent appendix operation. Harding Whitham '42, who was captain of our victorious track team, is also at New Hampshire University.

Eleanor Preble, P. H. S. '42, is a freshman at Bates College in Maine.

Patrick Molinari is lending his football prowess, which was one of the highlights of our '41 season, to Cranwell Preparatory School.

A prominent member of last spring's baseball team, Billy King, is enrolled at Springfield College, Springfield, Mass. Also in Springfield is Betty Leidhold, who is studying at Bay Path Institute.

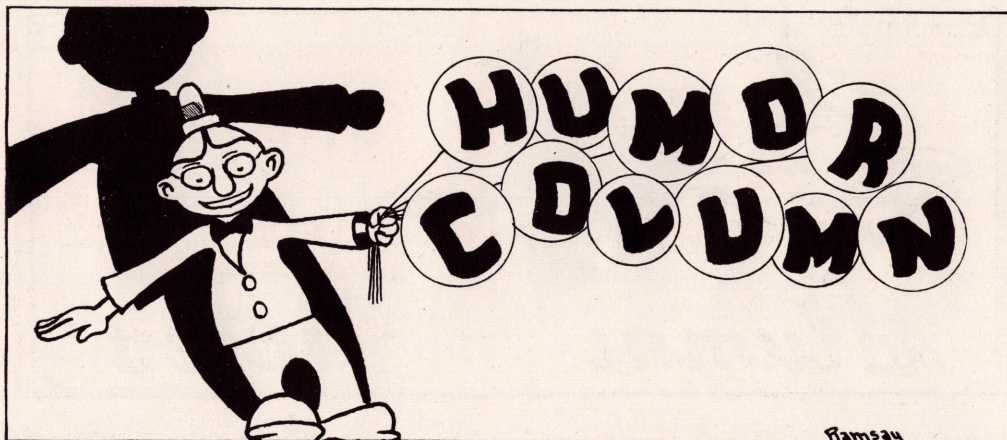
Isobel Shaw, president last year of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, is registered at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

William Eckerson of the Class of 1940 has been elected steward of his fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega at Colgate University, where he is a senior.

Robert Youngs '41 is a sophomore in the College of Forestry at the University of Syracuse in New York State. He spent the summer as a forest ranger in Montana. Also at Syracuse is Barbara Prager '42.

George Henderson, '42, our basketball captain, and Edmund Crown, both students at the University of Vermont, have been pledged to the Delta Psi fraternity.

Enrolled at R. P. I. are Richard Snyder and Malcolm Graham, both of '42.



Uncle: "I'm sorry you don't like the Christmas gift I gave you. Remember, I asked you whether you like a large check or a small one."

Bob: "Yes, but I didn't know you were talking about neckties."

Jean: "Did you eat all that cake I baked for you?"

Tom: "Yeah, I had to—I couldn't break off a piece."

Bill: "What was all the noise at your house last night?"

Bob: "That was a party for my sister. It was the tenth anniversary of her twentieth birthday."

Mr. Gorman: "What is the difference between genius and talent?"

L. Clark: "Well, talent gets paid every Saturday."

Anne R. "What do you think of Buddha?"

Molloy: "Why I think oleomargarine is almost as good."

Boudreau: "You know, there are 200 juke boxes in this city, and I've never played one of them."

Di Paul: "Which one is that?"

Oscar Peterson: "The subject of my talk tonight is 'Y Work'."

Smart Alec: "Yeah, that's what I always say, 'Y Work'?"

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Mr. Leahy?"

Mr. Leahy (absent-mindedly): "Oh, I suppose so, but I really ought to flunk them."

Student, boasting of his Alma Mater: "Now, there's a school without a flaw."

Wach: "Without a flaw? What on earth do you walk on?"

Junior: "My dog ate a tape measure and died."

Soph: "I see. He died by inches."

Junior: "No, he went out in the alley and died by the yard."

Barreca: "They say that many foolish questions can be asked that a wise man couldn't answer."

Magner: "Oh, so that's why I failed that last examination."

Mr. Herberg, explaining complicated theorem: "That speaks for itself."

Student: "Well, I wish it would talk a little louder, I don't get it."

December, 1942

27

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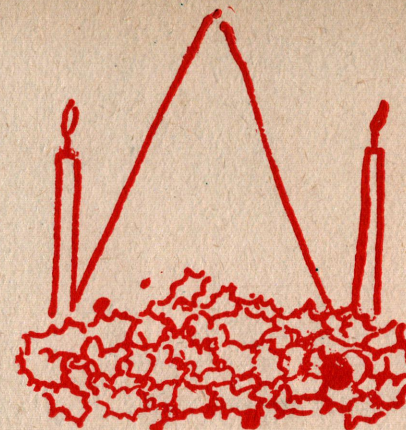
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